## BACK ON THE STAGE

THE LIFE WHICH THE AUDIENCE I FRONT FAILS TO SEE.

Cares of the Stage Manager and the Carpenter-Signals to the Or-

chestra. Most people who attend the Indianapolis heaters would welcome an opportunity to Loud applause in front. With a downward pend an evening back of the curtain line sweep of his hand the stage manager says and witness the stage hands working the "Down." The gas man pulls the bell, the show. To such as are denied this oppor-

tunity it may not be uninteresting to read is an instant of expectancy as the stage

About 7 o'clock in the evening the actors shove them off. The stage manager waits a file through the stage door and make their moment to judge by the applause, or lack way to their dressing rooms, where street of it, whether the characters in the last attire is laid aside and the all-important ting the scene. Under the skillful direction the "grips," commonly called "scene shifters," transform the bare stage into fairy bower, or a modern drawing room side of the stage. As one from the "prompt" met half way by another from the O. P. (opposite prompt) side. Bringing the edges | first act, with the carpet over it. of the half flats together, they are lashed in place. Scarcely are the flats lashed together before a property boy mounts a ladder and hangs the portiere before the center doors. While he is doing this, the grips are away setting wings to match the flats up and away the stage hands are getting up the men rushing to the center of the stage with their arms full of furniture, tables, bric-abrac, rugs, stand covers and so on. The movements of the local force, addressing | ished, the stage manager is ready and sends each one by general name "props."

"Hurry up, props," he says; "shove that ing, "Second act. Second act." The star settee a little further down stage" (towards | room is consulted and if madame is ready penter takes the stage, and, with two sharp, tion of the flymen, working in the fly gal- | the musicians hunt for certain music. After leries, twenty-five feet above the stage. "Let down that front border." he directs. There is a groaning and creaking, as the chaffing lines run over the pulleys in the rigging loft, up in the roof of the theater, followed by the slow descent of the border. which is intended to mask the top of the wings and flats. More than likely it does not | man-at English's and the Grand Opera hang straight. "Tighten up that prompt | House it is the gas man-who remains beline," or "slack your O. P. line," directs the carpenter. When it is adjusted properly, ing for the street and leave the theater with with another clap of his hands he gives the | a hearty "good night," he follows them and order, "tie off." That means to take a turn locks their dressing-room doors. or two around the wooden pin in the pin rail, to which the lines holding the border are fastened.

REAL FIRE ON THE STAGE. The stage manager of the company, the one who has supreme control while the show is on, is overseeing the work of all hands, making suggestions here and there. If there is to be a real fire, where the villain attempts to burn "tnose papers," a call to the gas man brings that individual in sight, hearing a fire log. It is placed in front of the mantel and down on his knees he goes and makes a connection with a piece of rubber hose, which is pulled out of a gas pocket in the stage. When the gas is lit, it flashes up and the stage manager stands by until it is lowered to the right point. Then if there is a doorway through which the star is to make his first appearance, the calcium man may be required to get his lime light in order to cover the face of the actor as he

makes his entrance. Or he may be stationed

back of a window, prepared to turn on

blue light for a death scene.

When the first act is being set, the movement of the stage hands is slow and delib erate, comparatively speaking, as there is no danger of a waiting audience growing weary of delays. And while all this has been going on, the property man of the company has made the rounds of the hallways leading to the down-stairs dressing rooms, calling out "Half hour, "half hour." And the ectors who have been a little slow in "making up" begin to hurry. That cry means that the curtain will go up in a half hour. Later he comes back through the hallways crying "Quarter hour." "quarter hour."

The work on the stage goes rapidly and smoothly forward, every man moving methedically about his work. At 8 o'clock the stage manager calls for the gas man and directs that individual to "ring 'em in." "Gas" tugs away at a wire and sets a little bell members of the German orchestra take their | for a special verdict. The members of the places, facing the footlights. Down the hallways goes the property man again, this time saying "Overture," "overture." After the last strain of the overture he goes back | porations saw this point and the benefits to and calls out: "First act. First act. Every body up for first act."

READY FOR THE CURTAIN. Then the stage manager, still supreme, stands with his back to the curtain, crtically scanning the stage and giving final directions about the arrangement of the misen-scene. Perhaps there is a lamp on the center table with the light burning low. He lavor of the plaintiff. Without the intergoes to it and examines whether it will work | rogatories propounded by the court where properly at a critical point in the play where the heroine suddenly turns up the light to confront the bold, bad villain in the act of fact that there was contributory negligence stealing the documents which contain the on the part of the plaintiff and would bring ciew to the whole mystery of the piece. Finding every thing to his liking, with a sharp clap of his hands he cries "clear," and the | swered, none of the facts brought out can stage hands and property men scamper off be overlooked. The jury must answer each moment. Going to the door of the star room he says, "All ready, governor," or "madame." Waiting for the command, "Go ahead," he stands respectfully silent. Maybe madame is not satisfied with the color of her cheek and says "Wait a minute, please," while she applies a fresh dash of rouge with her rabbit's foot. With a hasty survey of herself in the glass, and one long, last glance at her elegant gown, she is satisfied and gives the order, "Go ahead." Then the stage manager, with the gas man at his side, gives directions about the lights and walts while the house lights are being low-

If it is an evening scene, the stage lights, foots and borders, are probably lowered to a half or less. Then another wire is pulled and the little bell in the flies, near the curtain barrel, a sort of a windlass around which the lines supporting the drop curtain coil, is set going, and the leader, with flourish of his bow, strikes up the first bars of the curtain music. Madame now has her place in the center of the stage and a second pull at the curtain bell sets the curtain rolling upwards. The first lines are spoken and the show begins.

If it is a new show, most likely the stage hands find convenient places and watch it through, from the opening of the first scene until the final curtain. If the show has been seen before they gather in groups and converse in whispers, or go below and lounge about smoking and swapping yarns about some of the great productions they have witnessed. Big spectacular shows generally have a change of scene every two or three minutes. Then everybody on the stage, from the property boys to the flymen, have to hustle incessantly.

WAITING FOR THE CLIMAX. It is the long show with a single set for each act that is a source of delight to the stage hands, as they have plenty of time to "loaf." As the act on the stage progresses and the climax is about to be reached, the

HALF A CENTURY AGO talking, stop their conversation for a few ments, and take some slight interest in the woes of the star, or the villiany of the eading man. Towards the end of the act, the company's stage manager, at the proper

cue, directs the gas man to give the warning. He whistles up the speaking tube and the flyman grabs the crank of the curtain

barrel, expectantly waiting for the curtain

triumph, and with one long, despairing cry

the heroine cries, "My God! Will no one rescue me?" "Yes, I will," cries the hero, sud-

denly confronting the villain. Tableau.

curtain is down and the act is over. There

hands stand ready to grab the scenes and

scene must take an encore. If the applause

is deafening and long-continued up goes the

curtain again, and the actors stand bowing

and smiling their satisfaction. If the ap-

plause is not forthcoming everybody is dis-

appointed. A second encore makes every one

jubilant, and a third fills them all with the

highest delight, from the leading members

instantly every man is hard at work clear-

ORCHESTRA FLASH SIGNALS.

begin. While the orchestra fiddles and toots

next act, and the actors are in their dress-

ing rooms making hurried changes in their

make-up. The orchestra's selection is played

through, and still the stage is not ready. A

flash of the footlights calls for more music.

and when the selection is, perhaps, half fin-

the property man down the hallways call-

to stop playing. Instantly the music ceases

the first two or three bars are played, up

goes the curtain again, and the show is on

And so it runs, act after act, until the

show is ended and the audience has gone

home. In ten minutes the stage hands

are out and gone, with the exception of one

hind to lock up. As the actors finish dress-

SPECIAL VERDICT LAW

EFFECT OF ITS WORKINGS IN MA-

RION COUNTY COURTS.

Railway Corporations Largely Bene-

fited by the Mensure-Much Mulct-

ing Prevented.

The new "special verdict law" is attracting

good deal of attention among those who

notice the daily work of the Marion County

Superior courts. Especially are attorneys dis-

cussing the merits of the new system of try-

ing damage suits. The special verdict law is

a creation of the last Legislature, which

passed an act making it possible for clients

to have their cases tried by an entirely new

jury system. It is the opinion of some that

the special verdict law was pushed through

the Legislature by the railroad corporations,

and that many of the legislators voted for it

without realizing just how it would operate.

Many attorneys think that the law will be

Under the old jury system there were cases

where jurors were doubtless influenced by

their sympathies for either the plaintiff or

defendant in a suit. Under the present law.

instead of the jury bringing in a general

verdict, it is expected to pass simply upon

the facts in the case and on the amount of

damages. The court takes these facts after

the verdict has been returned and, by apply-

ing to them certain rules of law, determines

where the verdict shall go. It is said that

under the special verdict law two-thirds of

fendants. A litigant in any jury case can ask

jury, it is said, are less liable to get away

from the facts in making a special verdict

than in returning a general verdict. The cor-

It is in the trial of damage suits where

some contributory negligence on the part of

the plaintiff is shown that the special ver-

dict is particularly effective for the corpora-

tions. If the defendant is a railway com-

pany there is more or less prejudice in

a special verdict is to be found the jury

would, in all probability, lose sight of the

in a verdict against the corporation. But

with a long list of interrogatories to be an-

of these and make up a verdict consistent

with them. These verdlets are usually aft-

er this style: "We assess the damage at

\$--- if the law is with the plaintiff." It

is left for the judge of the court to apply

The judges of the Superior Court say that

it requires much more time to try causes

under the new system, but they think the

law is an improvement over the old one.

It has the effect of keeping many suits out

of court that should not be brought. Many

damage sults have been tried recently where

it was apparent to the judges and attorneys

that under the general verdict system the

plaintiff would have recovered heavy dam-

ages. In each of these cases contributory

negligence of some character was shown

and the jury was not allowed to lose sight

It is the general impression that if the

special verdict law is repealed at the next

session of the Legiclature, it will be solely

due to the belief of the legislators that the

act was "fathered" by the railway corpora-

tions, The Citizens' Street-railway Com-

pany, which is compelled to defend many

damage suits annually is well pleased with

the law. A special verdict is invariably

asked for in cases where the street-car com-

Be Ye in Love with April-Tide.

For now 'tis sun, and now 'tis shower,

-Clinton Scollard

And now 'tis frost, and now 'tis flower, And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed,

Be ye in love with April-tide? I' faith, in love am I,

And now 'tis Laura shy.

I' faith, in love am I

Ye doubtful days, O slower glide, Still smile and frown, O sky;

Some beauty unforeseen I trace In every change of Laura's face;— Be ye in love with April-tide?

the law and determine which of the liti-

gants is entitled to the verdict.

of this point.

pany is the defendant.

the law.

the damage suits result in favor of the de-

repealed by the next Legislature.

Finally he goes home himself.

LOG CABIN ON THE WABASH.

An Old Settler's Weird Experience-Some Interesting Reminiscences bell. On the stage the villain is about to of Early Medical Practice.

> It has been said that old people are garulous. I do not believe I am particularly so, vet these pictures of the long ago pass before me as if parts of a panorama-ghosts of the past. And, in addition to those given in the Journal a couple of Sundays ago, the most vivid one to-day is that of a 'ghost' indeed, or rather a "haunted" house. This is naturally connected with the practice of medicine, in that day the most prolific manufactory of ghosts, and this necessitates a description of the house we lived in.

It was a palatial residence, built by an aristocratic family, who had incontinently deserted it a year or more before we bought the farm. It was some twenty-five by thirty-five feet, one and a half stories, and of the company to the youngest property built of hewed logs. The floor was laid boy. When the applause wanes, the stage with regular oak flooring, and the "loft" | + manager gives the command, "Strike," and was poplar flooring laid down loose on sawed joists. All these items were innovaing the stage ready for the next act. If it is tions and superior to the general average. to be an exterior scene this time, the carpet, especially the size and height of the house. generally known as a medallion, has to come The immense fire place was in the south up, leaving the ground cloth on the floor, end, and mother placed a bed in the northwhich went down at the beginning of the east and in the northwest corners. A door about the center of the east and of the west sides afforded ingress and egress. Now there is more hurrying than there These preliminaries are necessary to what was before the first act, as an impatient follows. audience sits waiting for the second act to

We had lived in the house but a few days.

and were just getting comfortably settled down when one evening, as we were cosily seated around the fire, the older ones discussing the events of the day and ways and means for the next one, there fell at the north end of the house and on the loose boards of the loft overhead a weight as of hundreds of pounds. Every board rattled, as did every glass in the windows. The whole house, built of those immense oak logs, and weighing many tons, was the footlights.) "Here, this table wants to go the gas man is directed to "choke 'em off." shaken to its foundation, as the floor beup center." Then, perhaps, the stage car- A flash of the footlights directs the leader neath us perceptibly trembled. We supthat an immense amount of the "chinkin" and "dobbin" had failen in the half story above. A few moments' reflection would have satisfied the older ones that no material of that kind could have so shaken the house or produced a sound of the character of the one we had heard. For there was not a particle of rebound or rattle, but it was solld, as if a ton or more of sard, in one sack, had fallen. Scarce a moment was allowed for reflection before a wheel began to slowly roll from the point where the weight had fallen toward the + south end, where we were sitting. It seemed to be of great weight and not round, for it bumped along as if the periphery was irregular and at each bump the boards and glass rattled, and the floor trembled. When it arrived directly over our heads there was a noise as if it had been twirled and it gradually settled to rest as does a plate when spun. A few nights afterward occurred the same sound of a falling body, accompanied by the same phenomena as before, except that the wheel rolled as smoothly as a wagon wheel and when it arrived over our heads, instead of spinning, and so settling down, it fell on the lower floor among us, with the same force, and results of rattling glass and boards as when the sound was produced on the floor above. After a moment of silence it slowly and quietly rolled northward on the floor where we were sitting to the north end of the room, where as before, on the loft above us, it was twirled and slowly settled to rest as does a spinning plate. The room was lighted by the fire and dipped tallow candles sufficiently to make all tangible things visible, but we ould see nothing, though the noise of both the rolling and spinning would have indicated a wheel weighing not less than a ton. A short time after this the falling occurred again, in all respects as before, except that it was directly over our heads. When, after a moment of silence, it, as before, fell in our midst, without other sound than the two dead, heavy concussions. These three ounds, at irregular intervals, and alternatng each other, continued for about three years, when they became less and less frequent and finally ceased. We never saw anything, nor found any cause for them. The cause I leave to scientists, though I will give the one assigned by the neighborhood, which will doubtless satisfy spiritualists and lovers of the marvelous. A daughter of the family which built the house died of a roken heart for love of a young doctor. whom her parents would not allow her to marry, and she requested his letters to be

old lady told everybody all the particulars

buried with her, but her mother burnt them

instead. The neighbors said that was the

cause of the house being so long vacant.

The "haunt" had run her parents out and the

MEDICAL HORRORS. If the neighbors were correct in their prenises I have no doubt but that it was a doctor she was after in her visits to this sublunary "spere;" but whether the one she loved, or the one who treated her in her last illness would be a debatable question. The treatment in those days was precisely the same for all diseases. If you had cholera, tuberculosis, measles, bilious fever. or were dying of a broken heart for love the treatment would be the same, and can best describe it by giving an example. A sister was sick and when the doctor came he got the broom and, standing it up foot or more from the bed, required her to take hold of the handle. He then pulled up her sleeve and put a spring lance into the large vein in the hollow of the arm. Nearly a teacup full of blood was allowed to flow, when it was bound up and a blister six inches square placed over her stomach. Four large doses of calomel, a mild form of corrosive sublimate, were then issued and his work was done. The only variation for different diseases was in the amount of blood drawn, the location of the blister and the size and number of the doses of calomel. Depletion was the order of the dayget the patient helplessly weak as soon as possible. People sometimes lived through it. though the doctors now say it was than murder, as they will present system. And knows but that these are right, and that those will be when they have an opportunity to speak? Can any one blame a young, warm-hearted and compassionate girl from coming back, every chance she gets to slip away, to warn a doctor lover for whom she has died to throw up his profession and wash his hands of this scientific and legalized murder? Or, on the other hand, to harass and worry the one who had done her to death? The doctors had plenty of opportunities to kill, for about the last of August, regularly, we expected to get the ague, and commence 'chilling" or shading. There were three kinds-every-day, every second day and every the easiest to break up, and every third day the most difficult. These were again divided into the chilling and the shaking kind, the | 25 cents. Whisky-the pure juice of the

latter being more easily cured than the for-

mer. The treatment for this disease was

liver-three or four blue-mass pills, another

preparation of mercury, then quinine ad li-

dried bark of the cinchona tree, then known

as Peruvian bark. This had to be boiled

and the patient drank the tea. Ague, billous

bleeding, a blister on the right side-over the

We have the largest and most complete

Carpet department in the State. Our stock consists of only the latest and newest things of the season. We have bought heavy in carpets, and have decided to make some extremely low prices at the beginning of the season, in order to give the people an opportunity to buy their spring carpets at better prices than ever before. This is no advertising scheme.

We will put on sale 1,000 yards of Tapestry Brus-sels, new and elegant patterns, made and laid, at ..... 2,000 yards of Tapestry Brus-

SECOND FLOOR-

sels, every piece a beauty, made and laid, at ..... 3,000 yards of the nobblest things of the season, in Brussels, made and laid, at ......

1,500 yards of velvets, all this season's patterns, made and laid, at ..... 2.500 yards Stinson's Velvets. latest things in greens and blues, every pattern a charmer, at .....

1,500 yards all-Wool Ingrains, at 2,000 yards all-Wool Ingrains, at 5,000 yards extra all-Wool Supers, put on your floor, for ..

Thousands of yards of Ingrain

at ......

Curtains We will continue for to-morrow our sale on Lace Curtains. 200 pairs Saxonys, 3 yards, at ...... 95c 500 pairs Saxonys, 31/2 yards, at ......\$1.25 300 pairs Saxonys, 31/2 yards, at ..... 1.50 100 pairs Irish Points, at ...... 1.39 200 pairs Irish Points, at ...... 1.98 250 pairs Irish Points, at ...... 2.50 See our Brussels Net Curtains, at \$4.98. Good value at \$9.

snown, probably because the water we used

And then a picture of the plow of that day

rises and makes my legs ache. Some eminent

divine of the days before railroads has the

credit of having said that one of the strong-

est evidences of God's fatherly care of His

children consisted in the fact that He had

run the navigable rivers past the large cities.

But there is a fact in nature equally as con-

clusive as this, and that is that all trees

which have not a straight grain twist in the

proper direction for the mold boards of

right-handed plows, and that made such

rees-if hard wood-very valuable. True,

such mold-boards could be cut out, and often

were, but one with the natural twist was

preferable, as it was thought the dirt would

be more likely to slip if following the grain.

For many years, even down to fifty years

ago, all plows were made with wooden

nold-boards, though about that time, or a

little before, they began to cast them. But

in either case a paddle, hanging over the

plow handle, was an indispensable adjunct to

you must stop and clear your plow. And,

began to get steel plows, all made by hand,

IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

I believe I was eleven years old when I

first went into the harvest field. There were

fifty acres of wheat on the farm. The cradle

had but just superceded the sickle, and crad-

ordinary labor. We were expected, and did

work, twelve hours a day, except the time

at 6 and worked until 9, when an elaborate

meal was brought to the field, consisting of

hot coffee, bread and butter, chicken, pre-

in the field, and at 7 we guit for supper.

There were eighteen of us in all, four cra-

shockers, at 50c a day, and four boys, raking,

We cut the fifty acres in four days-eighteen

of us; now, three men and two horses

lers would cut around about what they

And every time we came to the starting

point we were met by a bucket of fresh

water and a jug of whisky. If these had

failed-and especially the whisky-every

man would have incontinently left the field.

Nothwithstanding the low wages above in-

dicated, 50 cents for twelve hours was about

the highest paid. \$10 a month was nearer

the average-and the low price of farm

farmers now. The greatest difference was

in the fact that fresh meat was almost un-

attainable unless an animal was killed by

ourselves or some neighbor. There were no

would buy it, consequently we were con-

fined to salt or smoked meat, and that al-

to wages, and the value of products. Coffee

was 81-3 to 10 cents a pound, and sugar,

smokin'," and best "chawin'" was 20 to

garden and the poultry yard, there was

nothing left to want. But we missed many

Hats were the only ready made clothing

cept, but most of the straw hats were

sums were good to eat.

tlum. The quinine was in the form of the delicious meal by not knowing that pos-

31-3 to 4 cents, muslin was 5 to 6 cents a

thought they could cut in a half a day.

that would "scour."

was not polluted by the sparse population.

the raw wool up to the finished garment, excepting making the wool into rolls from which the yarn was spun. For this part of the hand work before I can remember. carding machine. As soon as the rolls were up their unintermittent music for two or three months. When the spinning was done the yarn, with an equal amount of cotton yarn for "chain"-the longitudinal threads in cloth-were colored blue with indigo, brown with walnut bark, or red with madder, and then woven into jeans

THE WHISKY JUG.

Pictures, too, of the log-rolling, the houseraisings, and the dance that invariably followed come up in troops. Millions of feet of valuable black walnut have burned. And here, too, was the ever present whisky jug. In fact, wherever two or three were any plowing rig, and every fifty yards or so gathered together the whisky jug would when this was done, it only pushed the dirt be near at hand and was freely patronized by all. I well recollect seeing thirty acres over a little further, and made the moldboard side a little more distinct. It was just of splendid wheat go to waste-except what about the beginning of the '50's, before we the man and his wife could save-because next year others joined him, and the cradlers needed the work. The third year whisky was not found in any field, and the custom was a thing of the past. There was no excise, or license for selling it; as was before said, it was only 25 cents a gallon, and no stock of goods was comdling was considered extra work, for which about 50 per cent, more wages were paid than | plete without a barrel of whisky. It was new, of course, but in no way drugged so as to set a man crazy or form in him an lost at fore and afternoon lunch. We began irresistable appetite. It could be found in every house and there were very few in which it was not drank three times a day by all, from the gray-haired grandparent to the tottler of two or three summers. serves, etc. At noon we had an hour at din-And yet, strange as it may seem, I never ner. At 4 o'clock another meal was served dlers, at 75c a day; four binders and two any In the morning and at noon time the crad-

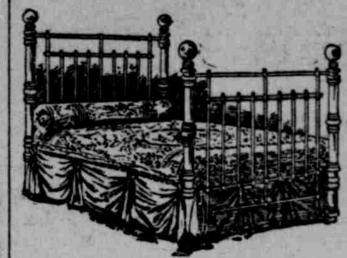
knew any one in those old days to fill a drunkard's grave, become a habitual drunkard, or have delirium tremens. Nor did I one drunk." I have seen drunken men, of course, but not one then to a hundred now, and I never heard of one while drunk killing his in the morning. I am frank to say I had the wife or anyone else. The first stage of least bit of curiosity to see a man who was drunkenness, in those days, made one funny | to be hanged that day, but I hadn't the least or hilarious; the second stage put him to idea of witnessing the execution. I had sleep. Up to 1850 there was but one saloon in a certain city of nine thousand inhabitants; now there would be twenty in the same population. What is the reason that the effects from the use of whisky are so different now? Simply because it was then the pure juice of the corn, rye or whatever grain it was extracted from, and there is nothing in, or can be extracted from, these products, we lived about as well as do grains to produce the results we now see. At that time a distiller who could get an average of two gallons and three quarts of whisky from a bushel of corn or ry was a valuable man, but now four and a half meat markets, or other places where money to five gallons are obtained. This increased yield is imputed to improved methods of distilling, but the idea that corn is fivemost exclusively pork. The prices of all the | eighths whisky is too absurd to justify argunecessaries of life were low in proportion | ment. Were this true the old taper could chew corn enough to get up a respectable several months, while a few corn cakes or third day. Of these the every-day type was | yard, and called 31/2 to 4 cents. Tobacco | fried mush for breakfast would duplicate was 10 cents a pound for "cut-an'-dry and save his ten-cent morning appetizer, No! The difference in quantity, as well as effects, are made with chemicals, not least corn-ruled steadily at 25 cents a gallon, smong which are strychnine, arsenic, nico-With these prime necessities, in addition to | tine and oplum. It is the intoxicating effect the products of the farm, the orchard, the | of these which enables them to duplicate with water the original amount of whisky, and it is these which produce delirium tremens the unconquerable appetite and the osition to murder. If temperance people had made half the effort to secure the sale

of nothing but pure liquors that they have

plaited and sewed by the women. All other | made to prevent the sale of any kind, in-

othing, except shirts and women's sum- stead of being now a small band of in

Brass and Iron Beds



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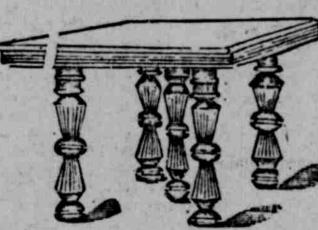
London and New York styles. Every lady in the city is invited to thoroughly examine our elegant line and compare our prices.

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mer dresses, were made in the house from looking back with disgust at futile efforts preparations little attention was paid to me the work the power machines superseded | those who sell or use whisky, and they | capital punishment, and the thought of sec-Every farmer kept sheep, and these were that they had been the means of accomplish- sick. But while a thousand fears were passsheared in May, and the wool sent to the | ing a great good for the race. returned the wheels began to turn and kept | pictures of the past, and lay the ghosts of | forth. My shaking body was forced in the

to the people of that day, be as strange, was back in Indianapolis among friends. as uncivilized and smell of the backwoods as do these to the people of the present. and flannel-winter clothing for men and But it is not probable, for no other half century can ever discover the railroad, the telegraph, the bicycle and the X rays. I. M. STACKHOUSE.

LEE NIXON SAW A HANGING.

Now He Is Afraid the Sight Will | sink, but I had to stand. Jonah Him.

"If Mr. Overstreet is not renominated and elected to Congress," said that gentleman's | the coolest man I ever saw. He smiled and private secretary, Lee Nixon, to a number of looked unconcarned at the crowd about the friends the other day, "it can all be attribut- scaffold. I thought if he could regard his ed to a hanging which I was fool enough to own death so coolly. I surely could bear to

"You don't think that can have anything to do with the result?" asked some one. "Do you kill time down at Washington at-

tending hangings?" asked some one else. "Of course, my attending a hanging will have nothing to do with the outcome." replied Nixon, "but I have always had a horror of such affairs, and what I saw remains with me. I was forced to attend the hanging, and was placed in such a position that that came my way for two weeks after that I couldn't run away. I wouldn't witness the always brought the sight of that man on the same sight again for nothing less than a perpetual seat in Congress for Mr. Over- citizen of this Republic, but if any of you are street. I was innocently dragged to see the horrible business.

"Warden Leonard, of the federal jail at Washington, is an old Indianapolis man, and naturally when I got down to the capital city I met him, and we had a long talk about home. He asked me to come down to the "crazy drunk." or "fighting jail and see him, and unsuspectingly I went. I couldn't wait until afternoon; nothing would do but I must tramp down there early never seen a man about to die, and I wanted

to see how one would act. "When I arrived at the jail everything was in a bustle. I had no sooner got inside than I saw a man flying about with a paper and pencil in his hand. I heard some one say 'Nixon.' I saw the man write something down, and the next thing I know I was staggered with the information that I had been selected for the jury to witness the execution. My blood stopped right where it was, and I don't think I took another easy breath for twelve hours. It seems that the law says a jury shall be present at the hanging to see, I I suppose, that everything is done properly. "I remonstrated and tried to get out of the job, but it was useless, and in the hurried

and years wasted, they would have united in I tried to get at Warden Leonard and put their ranks the entire community, and their | the case before him, but was as busy as evmore active coadjutors would have been erybody else. I have always been opposed to could, years ago, have exulted in the fact | ing some poor fellow hanged made me feel ing through my mind in a minute, the crowd And now, as I slide the shade over these | became silent, and the prisoner was led departed years, it is with the hope that, as procession toward the gallows. I trembled the little one of to-day fifty or sixty years | more in I did the night I tried to make hence writes his reminiscences of the closing my first speech. The perspiration fairly years of the hineteenth century, may they, poured from me, and how I did wish that I

"We marched down a corridor to the galall of us moving slowly and with lowed and uncovered heads. My feet seemed howy. I glanced about, trying to see some means of escape, but we were in an inclosure, and to have turned back might have looked like rank cowardice. We marched on and surrounded the gallows, the ground under me seeming to sway, and rock, and

"When I saw the doomed man I was somewhat composed. He was a negro who had shot another fellow, but I declare he was witness it. The man kissed a crucifix and he'ped arrange himself for the last. The drop came and I turned my face. For twenty-seven minutes that poor fellow hung, and to me the agony was terrible. The man was pronounced dead at last and we were dismissed. I felt relieved to get out again, For two days the recollection of the execution was a horrible dream to me, but it has partially worn away. Every bit of bad luck scaffold. I but performed my duty as a

ever called to a hanging jury, fun away." What a Traveler Saw. Detroit Free Press.

"Tell me," I said to an old sailor who had sailed in every sort of a craft and into every known sea, "tell me what sort of a place Gibraltar is. "Gibraltar?" he queried, as he looked a the last of the beer in his glass. "Why, I allus passed it in the night."

"Well, about Singapore?"
"Singapore? I've been there twice, but don't remember much about the place." "How about Cape Town?" "I hit a man there and got fined \$10, and

when I went aboard the ship the mate knocked me down. I guess it's a nice "You have been in Calcutta?" "Oh, yes. I can take you to a place in

Calcutta where they sell good whisky for cents a glass." "Is Bombay a nice city?" I persisted.
"Bewtiful," he replied. "Been there three or four times, and always got full there

"What about Tokio?" I asked in despair. "Toke-e-o? Say, that's a charmer of a town. Good licker is only a cent a glass. and if you punch a feller's head the fine is never over a quarter of a dollar in out

And that's all I could get out of a man who might be supposed to have seen enough to fill a thousand-page book.

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